



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XI.—NO. 14.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1798.

WHOLE NO. 534.

## THE GLEBE HOUSE;

A TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

"SHE raised her languid head, and with a voice almost stifled by sighs, said, she never doubted his truth, his sincerity, but—

"You are pale, you are ill, my life. I interrupted, oh! Isabella, why not more attentive to a health so infinitely valuable? let me conduct you home—you are not able to bear the coldness of the air—I long to hear every thing—to recount my suffering, and find a recompence in your smiles.

"No, no, Charles, replied she, in a hurrying manner, I have particular reasons for your not attending me home—you will oblige me extremely, by not attempting it.—And why, my Isabella, be deprived of your sight, after so long exile?—Ask me not, she said, in two hours you shall receive a letter, which will explain them,—she repeated her request with an eagerness I could not resist, and hearing where I lodged, departed.

"I waited with impatience for the letter, which arrived within the limited time, it is engraven in the recesses of my heart.

"Oh! cruel chance which led Montfort hither,—yes, he may wonder, when he learns that Isabella has prayed, with fervency prayed, never more to behold him.—Know then, my vows are no longer yours,—they are irrevocably plighted to another.

"You may call me faithless, but with the rest of my evils, I must bear with the forfeiture of your good opinion.

"Yet should I endeavour to justify myself.—but alas! 'tis unavailing now.

"In this moment, when about bidding you a final adieu—in this moment of sadness—I urge you by the dear idea of former days,—by our past esteem,—never to come near me.

"I have an infant son,—should Fame load me with censure he must share in the disgrace, and rise up, perhaps, to revile the memory of his parent.

"Oh Montfort! could Isabella heal the wounds she has given, how willingly would she lay down her life for your peace.—as it is, she hastens to the goal,—she has fought the fight which in this world has subdued her,—in that which is to come, she trusts to receive some recompence,—then, oh! destroy not that hope, by trying to make her forget her duty.—Farewell!—I linger over the word, over my last adieu to one, who was so kind, so generous a friend;—may he forget there ever was such a being, as

ISABELLA!"

"Wild, distracted I would have flown into her presence, had not insensibility stopt my motions,—in this state I remained, till roused by the appearance of her maid, a faithful creature, who had been with her through all the vicissitudes of fortune, she came without her mistress's knowledge, and revealed the scene which passed between her and my mother.

"Oh! my Isabella, how bright appeared thy virtues to my view, but I will try to shorten my

narrative, as much as possible.—I continued two months obscured in the village, never going out, till late, scarcely regarding any object; but the cottage that contained my love.

"In one of my solitary rambles, I was surprized by the sound of lamentation, and soon saw a rustic troop attending a funeral, the name of Coverly struck me, I enquired, and found it was the husband of Isabella.

"I cannot describe my emotions,—all was confusion within my breast,—I flew home,—dispatched my servant to enquire, as from another, about my Isabella,—he swiftly returned,—returned to tell me—she had caught a malignant fever from her husband, and was expected shortly to follow him.

"I heard no more,—I flew to the house,—I entered it distracted,—the maid screamed at beholding me.

"Lead on! lead on! I exclaimed, let me see her once more, while she breathes,—she turned,—I followed, and entered the apartment;—Isabella had just received the last rites of the church, she was elevated a little by pillows; over her countenance was diffused a celestial serenity, which seemed to declare, she already anticipated the joys prepared for her above.

"She instantly noticed me, I sunk at the bedside and sobbed aloud,—be calm, Montfort, she cried,—few, and full of misery have been the days of my pilgrimage here,—rejoice at my release, for I have something within me, which inspires hope.

"She raised her head, but it sunk immediately on my arm;—oh! what happiness, she continued, to breathe my last sigh in your presence and with it, assure you how very dear you have been,—her lips quivered while she spoke,—she sighed, she grasped,—she turned her eyes once more towards me, and closed them forever!

[Here Mr. Montfort paused; but, after a few minutes, resumed his narration:]

"For hours all was darkness and horror!—I then, actuated by madness, mounted my horse, and galloping across the country, never stopt, till I reached the mansion of my parents.

"They were equally astonished and shocked at my appearance, I pleaded fatigue, and in a hasty manner told them, I knew they had long ardently desired to see me married, that I had just left the house of a young lady, for whom I entertained the sincerest affection, and besought my mother to order her carriage, and accompany me thither directly.

"She stared, and asked her name, I re-urged my request, declaring with a forced smile, I would keep her name secret till she saw her, adding, that I was convinced it would not be unpleasant, that I was confident she would find the young lady unexceptionable.

"She yielded to my entreaties, and we set off; frequently did she express surprize at the length of the journey, and besought me to acquaint her whether we were going.—The night was far advanced ere we arrived.

"The door was opened by an old woman; there was a gloomy stillness throughout the place

that terrified my mother, I'd rather have carried than led her, for she was now unable to walk; when, at the chamber door, I exclaimed, "now I introduce you to the mistress of my affections!"

"Isabella's beautiful form was extended on a couch;—her wrapper was of white muslin, a curtain of the same texture formed a canopy over her head, the tapers burning at her feet, cast a sickly light around.

"My mother started back, she would have fled, I grasped her hands,—shrink not back, madam! I cried, survey the sacrifice you have made to Avarice and Ambition; the woman whose purity, probity and elegance would have graced a station more exalted than mine, now lies lifeless before you.

"Good Heaven! she cried, is this Isabella?—'Tis Isabella! I told you I would shew you the object of my love,—you find her unexceptionable, angels are unexceptionable, and my Isabella is one now;—you compelled her to renounce me, though to me she had pledged her love;—but listen to my vows, I exclaimed, springing with a kind of desperation to the lovely elay, look down pure and fainting Isabella, while here I vow, solemnly vow, never to know a second love, no power on earth shall shake my resolution, may the moment in which I attempt to swerve, be my last! never shall I know a return of peace, till admitted among those benign spirits that now surround you;—Oh cruel, that a parent should have robb'd me of all that made life valuable.

"My mother shrieked and fell senseless.—On her return home, she was seized with a violent fever, and in her delirium called frequently on Isabella, she recovered only to experience more excruciating sorrows, for my dejection terminated in insanity; frequently have I wandered by the pale shades of the moon, to weep over the sod of my Isabella.

"My father afflicted and depressed in his old age, died of a broken heart;—Despair at length finished the existence of my wretched mother; she fell—a martyr to ambition.

"From violence I sunk into a lethargic state, from which my friends brought me to several places on the Continent; many years elapsed before it pleased Heaven to restore me the power of recollection, I then found myself in possession of affluence—but a stranger to peace.

"Had I been born in a middle station, the woman of my affection would not have been denied me; but, from an exalted station, I was plunged into an abyss of despair.

"On my return to my native country, I had an ardent wish to discover the son of Isabella, I understood he was left in distressed circumstances, and indulge a fond hope of soothing my misery, by rendering him happy; hitherto my search has been fruitless.

"This young lady is a relation, left early an orphan; who has with tenderness ministered to my afflictions."

Lord mother, cried Jasper, I'd almost lay a wager, the Mr. Coverly this gentleman has been seeking, is our Mr. Coverly.



Like enough Jasper, said Mrs. Owens, as sure as day you have guessed;

Why Sir, Mr. Coverly lives just by us, and is as fond of us, as the saying is, as if we were all of a kin.

He should now, said Mr. Montfort, eagerly, be about nine and twenty, and his name Edward Coverly.

The same, the same, cried Jasper and his mother in a breath.

Oh Providence! exclaimed the old gentleman accept my thanks, should it indeed be the son of my Isabella: but say my friend---what is he?---is he all the son of Isabella should be?

Why Sir, said Jasper, he is tall---but not so tall as I am---his face is neither round nor short; but---

Oh Sir, exclaimed Constantia, with warmth, he's all that the descendant of that most amiable woman should be; sincerity and wisdom are the inmates of his soul;---as to his countenance, you shall see---so saying, she drew forth the picture.

Good gracious! Con. cried Jasper, staring, how came you by that?

Aye child, said her mother, tell us? its quite an inexplicable mystery to me.

Constantia recollected herself; and covered with confusion, sunk into a chair.

[To be continued.]

#### RELIGION OF THE INHABITANTS OF CARNICOBAR, IN THE EAST-INDIES.

THEY have no notion of a God, but they believe firmly in the devil, and worship him from fear. In every village there is a high pole erected with long strings of ground-rattans hanging from it, which, it is said, has the virtue to keep him at a distance. When they see any signs of an approaching storm, they imagine that he intends them a visit, upon which many superstitious ceremonies are performed. The people of every village march round their own boundaries, and fix up at different distances small sticks split at the top, into which split they put a coco-nut, a wisp of tobacco, and the leaf of a certain plant: whether this is meant as a peace offering to the devil, or a scarecrow to frighten him away, does not appear.

When a man dies, all his live stock, cloth, hatchets, fishing lances, and in short every moveable thing he possessed, is buried with him, and his death is mourned by the whole village. In one view this is an excellent custom, seeing it prevents all disputes about the property of the deceased among his relations. His wife must conform to custom by having a joint cut off from one of her fingers; and, if she refuses this, she must submit to have a deep notch cut in one of the pillars of her house.

#### HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

THE Duke of Viseu, at the head of a discontented party, conspired against the life of John the second of Portugal. His Majesty having escaped the hand of the assassin three times, sent for the Duke and walked with him in the garden, where he conversed with him on the relative duty of a King and the subject; and at the end put this emphatical question to him. "What wouldst thou do to the man who attempted to take away thy life?" To which the Duke answered, "I would take his first if I could." "Then verily," said the King, "As Nathan said unto David, thou art the man," and immediately plunged a dagger into his breast.

THE Emperor Theodosius, committing his sons to be instructed by the learned Arsenius, told them, "Children, if you take care to ennoble your souls with virtue and knowledge, I will leave you my crown with pleasure; but if you neglect that, I had rather see you lose the empire, than hazard it in the hands of those who are unfit to govern it: It is better you should suffer the loss of it, than occasion its ruin."

#### MAXIMS.

No accidents are so unlucky, but that the prudent may draw some advantage from them: Nor are there any so lucky, but what the imprudent may turn to their prejudice. We commonly slander more through vanity than malice. We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.

#### THE MAID OF THE INN.

WHO is she the poor maniac, whose wildly fix'd eyes

Seem a heart overcharged to express?

She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;

She never complains, but her silence implies

The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek,

Cold and hunger awake not her care:

Thro' her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak.

On her poor withered bosom half bare, and her cheek

Has the deathly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,

Poor Mary the maniac has been;

The traveller remembers who journeyed this way

No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay

As Mary the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight

As she welcomed them in with a smile;

Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,

And Mary would walk by the abbey at night

When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved, and young Richard had fester'd the day,

And she hoped to be happy for life;

But Richard was idle and worthless, and they

Who knew him would pity poor Mary and say

That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,  
And fast were the windows and door;

Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,

And smoking in silence with tranquil delight

They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fire side

"To hear the wind whistle without."

"A fine night for the abbey!" his comrade replied,

"Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried

Who would wander the ruins about."

"I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear

The hoarse ivy shake over my head;

And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,

Some ugly hoarse abbot's white spirit appear,

For this wind might awaken the dead!"

"I wager a dinner," the other one cried,

"That Mary would venture there now."

"Then wager and lose!" with a sneer he replied,

"I'll warrant she'd fancy a gholt by her side,

And faint if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"

His companion exclaim'd with a smile;

"I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,

And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough

From the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humor did Mary comply,

And her way to the abbey she bent;

The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,

And as hollowly howling it swept thro' the sky

She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known proceeded the maid

Where the abbey rose dim on the sight;

Thro' the gate-way she enter'd, she felt not afraid,

Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade

Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast

Howl'd dismally round the old pile;

Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she pass'd,

And arrived in the innermost ruin at last

Where the elder tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly drew near

And hastily gather'd the bough;

When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on the ear---

She paus'd, and the listen'd, all eager to hear,

And her heart pant'd fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,

She listen'd---nought else could she hear---

The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,

For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread

Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,

She crept to conceal herself there:

That instant the Moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,

And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,

And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdled cold?

Again the rough wind hurried by---

It blew off the hat of the one, and behold

Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd---

She felt, and expected to die.

"Curse the hat!" he exclaims, "Nay come on & first hide

The dead body," his comrade replies.

She beheld them in safety-pass on by her side,

She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,

And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,

She gazed horribly eager around;

Then her limbs could support their faint burthen no more,

And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor

Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her cold lips could the story impart,

For a moment the hat met her view;

Her eyes from that object convulsively start,

For---Oh God what cold horror then thrill'd thro' her heart,

When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by

Husgubbet is now to be seen,

Not far from the road it engages the eye,

The traveller beholds it, and thinks with a sigh

Of poor Mary the Maid of the Inn.

#### A NEW LECTURE ON EYES.

HERE, ladies and gentlemen, are a pair of eyes which belong to a black widow; their language is not common---they dance when there is hope; they squint when it is despair. A young gentleman who sought her smiles, received his answer from these eyes, for they frowned upon him: However it was said a judgement passed upon them, for they soon lost their clearness, and were obliged to have the assistance of spectacles: Now they can frown upon no one, their light has been changed into darkness, and it is high time they be closed for ever.

Here are two black eyes, which are the property of a very young lady---cruel eyes they have been, yet they always appear gentle; they are eloquent in love, but most eloquent in sorrow. Whenever a sad affecting tale is told, I have seen them shed a tear of real sympathy; which, tho' it dimmed their lustre, added much to their value.

Here are a maiden's coaxing eyes: These pretty tell-tales always give the tongue the lie; for whenever their fair mistress says, "Ah, go away!" these little things always cry out "Stay!" Pray admire them, ladies and gentlemen; they are very small, which makes them appear very roguish.

Oh Lord! here are an old maid's pair of grey eyes: They don't know whether to laugh or cry---always peeping where they should not. These are the eyes "which see and do not perceive;" they are so very prone to mistakes, and always discern a fault in another, though they can never discover one in themselves; It is very remarkable, that these large eyes never close; in bed they are always staring---God knows for what---out of bed always prying here and there and every where; sometimes they wink, when poor Nancy puts a thing out of its place, and are always looking over the affairs of others---though they never overlook their faults.

Here are a pair of wicked eyes, which do great execution; they are always sure in their mark, and generally aim at young sparks; they look for game in the day time, and take their rest at night; they speak with ogling, and their language may be thus translated:

A glance, or side look, the strongest expression for love; it is literally construing it---I prefer you before all the company.

A leer or sly look---in answer to the common question---Will you have me? A young lady would blush, were she obliged to say yes or no in plain terms: But by the leers, she at once confesses, I will, without any offence to delicacy.

These, ladies and gentlemen, are their most usual phrases; from thence we may discover the significations of others.

Here are two eyes, I don't know what to call them; they are so hazy and disagreeable, that I believe the Jew in the play was thinking upon them when he made his objection to one colour:

"Her eyes may be faith any color but green."

With you leave we shall pass over them.

The more we're delighted, the less they are seen.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1798.

The Corporation of this city have resolved to institute an enquiry into the causes, prevention, and cure of the pestilential fever which has prevailed in this and other parts of the United States, and have determined to spare neither expense nor pains to obtain the truth. A letter has been addressed by the Mayor to the Medical Society on this subject, and in pursuance of the design, a Committee has been appointed on the part of the Society, consisting of Doctors Rogers, Tillery, and Mitchell, to collect facts, and endeavor to arrive at the proposed object. We rejoice at the spirit with which the Corporation and Medical gentlemen have entered upon this task, and at the harmony which prevails among them. From their united exertions, much benefit may be expected; and it is presumed all good citizens will aid the magistracy and faculty in furnishing facts that can throw light on the subject.

Thursday arrived in this city, J. Schieffelin, Esq. agent of Indian Affairs, accompanied by Whitmore Knaggs, interpreter, with five Grand Sachems, or principal Chiefs of the Ottawa, Chippewa, and Pontewattamy Nations, on their way to the seat of general government, on public business. They are from Detroit Territory, north west of the River Ohio.

#### CONFLAGRATION.

Wednesday Oct. 31st three-fourths of what remained of the town of Wilmington, (N. C.) after the fire of April last, has been reduced to ashes. The corpse of a deceased sailor and of a poor man who had been on the parish, were consumed, but happily no lives were lost.

The third Session of the Fifth Congress of the United States will commence in Philadelphia on Monday fe'night.

A sloop belonging to the Kilns, near Elizabeth Town, loaded with hay and bricks, caught fire on Thursday morning about eleven o'clock, on her way to this city. Immediate assistance being given from the shore, happily no lives were lost. The hay was entirely consumed; and her hull, with part of her sails, &c. much damaged. The fire, we are informed, was communicated to the hay through the cabin chimney. This circumstance should operate as a warning to masters of vessels, who in conveying articles of so combustible a quality ought to be particularly careful in what manner they are disposed on deck.

On the 12th inst. arrived at Norfolk, in distress, the ship New-York, from Londonderry (Ireland) with 325 passengers, mostly tradesmen and people of property. She was bound to Wilmington, (N. C.) and had been out nine weeks and three days.

#### BREST FLEET AT SEA.

One of the London papers, and verbal accounts, say that a French fleet of eight sail of the line, and frigates, had slipped out of Brest waters, and had put to sea. Their destination supposed to be the West or North of Ireland. Admiral Bridport's fleet went into port early in September, and having refitted, put to sea. He was afterwards to be joined by Admiral Thomson's squadron, consisting of the Royal Charlotte, of 100 guns; Formidable, of 98, and Mars and Triumph, of 74. From the numerous squadrons of English, at sea, we may speedily expect intelligence of another naval victory by the English. Admiral Lord Duncan's squadron was in port.

Extract of a letter from an American gentleman in Paris, dated 30th of Aug. 1798, to a merchant of Baltimore.

"The person who takes charge of this, carries among other documents of the present pacific and amicable disposition of this government, an official account of the raising the embargo, which has been for some time past imposed upon our vessels in the ports of this republic; and before this reaches you, our government will receive, by Mr. Genry, information of a late arrest of the French Directory, for calling in all commissions granted by their agents in the West-Indies to privateers, and likewise advice of such new instructions having been sent to their agents, as will cause the American flag to be respected by the French cruisers in the West-India seas. A similar line of conduct is prescribed to our cruisers in the European seas; and it is

my sincere opinion, that in future our vessels generally with a regular and authentic rule d'equipage, will be respected by all French privateers and authorities. In addition to this, I expect soon to hear of the acquittal of some of our vessels by the tribunal of cassation (the superior court of the appeals) that have been illegally brought in for adjudication, and unjustly condemned by the inferior courts; and I am moreover convinced that ere long, this nation, prompted by its own interest, no less than by the urgent solicitations of all the neutral ones, will revise its whole judiciary system in regard to the neutrals, and will soon give the utmost freedom and latitude to neutral commerce. In short, if the injuries sustained by our country have not altogether turned her from the door of accommodation, and she will now meet France upon a fair and open ground of reconciliation, I think she may procure a redress of most of her grievances, and, if she pleases, obtain a lasting and beneficial commercial intercourse.

#### DEFEAT OF BUONAPARTE.

LONDON, Oct. 1.

The Hamburg mail which became due on Wednesday last, arrived this morning, and brought a corroboration of the defeat of the French fleet by Admiral Nelson. Some particulars of the engagement are contained in letters from Constantinople and Vienna. Dispatches have also been received at the Admiralty, which state Admiral Bruce's fleet to have been almost completely destroyed.

#### HAMBURG MAIL.

Constantinople, Aug. 25.

Last night the Turkish ministry received important dispatches from the Pacha of Rhodes. They bring advice that several French frigates had arrived at that island, which had been seized by the Pacha, according to the orders lately from the Grand Seigneur. The Pacha has likewise transmitted the following intelligence.

The English Admiral Nelson, having appeared unexpectedly before the harbor of Alexandria, found there the French fleet, and immediately attacked it. The French Admiral's ship, on board of which Buonaparte had been, took fire and was entirely consumed. The French frigates which escaped into the open sea, were not aware that the Porte was inimically disposed towards France, and that hostilities had already commenced. They therefore came to anchor in the harbor of Rhodes, and were immediately confiscated. From the captain of these frigates, the Pacha of Rhodes received the account of the destruction of the French fleet, and the principal circumstances of that event. The Porte immediately communicated this intelligence, by their interpreter, to the foreign ministers. This day the English minister, Sir Spencer Smith, received the confirmation of this account.

With respect to the army of Buonaparte, we have received the following intelligence:—It had for a time maintained a position between Rosetta and Cairo; but suddenly retreated to Damietta. In the vicinity of this town the French were attacked by an army of 20,000 Arabs, the greater part cavalry, under the command of Mutepha Bey, and two other Beys. An obstinate battle ensued, and the Arabs say, in their account transmitted to the Pacha of Damascus, that they forced the enemy to retire with considerable loss, and that the French afterwards made a stand a few leagues from Damietta. These accounts do not say why Buonaparte, at first, instead of advancing against the residence of the Beys, should have retreated so soon; but this is ascribed partly to the numerous cavalry that covered the city of Cairo, partly to the inundation of the Nile, which at this time is at the height, and partly to the difficulty which the French found in obtaining provisions, where so many of the roads were laid under water.

VIENNA, Sept. 12.

Official accounts from Constantinople, which were yesterday brought by Couriers to the English and Russian envoys in this city, bring advice that Admiral Nelson had attacked the French fleet before Alexandria, and partly burned and partly sunk almost the whole of it. Some ships which made their escape, fell into the hands of the Turks, and met a similar fate; so that of this great French fleet, scarcely a single transport is left.

The accounts of the defeat of Buonaparte, by the Arabs, is not official; and is in some parts contradictory. The Directory has announced to the Councils, that he entered Cairo, the last of July. We must wait for something official on this head. [Col. Gen.]

#### COURT of HYMEN.

MAY Hymen's sacred bands forever prove  
The constant guardian of the mutual love;  
And may their love the storm of time withstand,  
Like Ida fix'd, by Jove's supreme command.

#### MARRIED

On Wednesday evening, at Haarlem, by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. EDWARD ELTING, merchant, of this city, to Miss MARIA LIGHTBOURN, of Haarlem.

#### MORTALITY.

RELENTLESS death with indiscriminate rage,  
Will neither spare conditions, sex, nor age;  
The old, the young, the middle-aged—all  
Must soon or late unto him victims fall.

#### DIED,

On Saturday last, Sir JOHN TEMPLE, Baronet, His Britannic Majesty's Consul-General to the Northern States of America.

On Thursday last, of a lingering sickness, Dr. CHARLES HARDING, an old and respectable physician of this city.

A CHARITY SERMON will be preached to-morrow morning at Trinity Church, for the benefit of the Charity School, and a collection made for that purpose.

#### ERRATA.

In the account of the death of Mr HAVENS, inserted in last week's Museum, line 31, for "secretly," read "justly"—line 35, for "spasmodic affectionary," read "spasmodic affections."

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#### EDUCATION.

The subscriber has again opened his SCHOOL at no. 93 Beekman Street. EVENING SCHOOL taught by Messrs. JONATHAN and JOHN B. FISK.  
JOHN COFFIN.





## COURT of APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

### TO THE MEMORY OF MR. PTOLEMY HAVENS.

[See the Museum of last Saturday.]

O MAN! how vain, how fleeting all thy schemes!  
Thy joys are vapours, and thy hopes are dreams;  
No state, no period guards thy life from harm,  
When Heaven proclaims his solemn dread alarm.  
No murmur'g thoughts, no vain, ambitious pride,  
Can stand the shock of Death's o'erwhelming tide;  
As vivid plants, as flowers in sprightly bloom  
By frosts, by blasts, behold their early doom:  
Thus, Youth must yield to nature's pow'rful call,  
And all his hopes, his expectations fall;  
Thus with young HAVENS; Youth by all admir'd,  
By noble views, by future prospects fir'd!  
Elate with greatness, with manhood's gen'rous glows,  
Was forc'd to yield to Death's eternal woes,  
In vain he left fair Georgia's fertile shores,  
Where splendid Sol his rays intensely pours,  
To gain his health, by pure, by temperate air,  
By friendship's aid, by sweet parental care,  
In vain his friends; his Brothers, Sisters dear,  
Lent all their aid, his drooping health to rear;  
Despotic Death uplifts his secret rod,  
Displays the power of Heaven's immortal God.  
His hour had come; in all his vig'rous bloom,  
He's forc'd to hail his silent, solemn tomb,  
To sleep with PHOENIX in realms of lasting peace,  
From bustle freed, where cares and troubles cease.  
Sons of misfortune! yet not truly so,  
Whate'er is best All-Wisdom sure must know;  
Yet O the charge! their tears can few controul,  
Such wounds must pierce each sympathetic soul;  
But O, ye parents! whose bosoms glow with love,  
Be calm your thoughts; he's call'd by Heav'n above.  
Ye, who are link'd in kind fraternal chains,  
And O ye sex, where, sweet compassion reigns!  
Forbear to mourn your Brother's early fate,  
But O, like him, be firm, be calm, be fedate!  
Observe his sufferings, his fix'd firmless eye,  
His resignation, his patience nobly vie,  
Know those are virtues, these are marks of Heav'n,  
Of peace of soul, of sis by God forgiv'n;  
Your hopes, your joys, in vision warmly led,  
Behold in peace, your Son, your Brother dead;  
Like him be calm, with patience clothe each mind,  
In joy or grief, be e'er to Heaven resign'd,  
From ev'ry murmur, ev'ry tear refrain,  
Be firm in sorrow, as was he in pain;  
These lead your thoughts, through never ceasing time,  
To join with him, in courts of praise sublime.

### ON THE EPIDEMIC AT NEW-YORK.

WHERE the viol of Joy was alone to be heard,  
Where HEALTH spread her rosy bloom,  
There musty CONTAGION his standard has rear'd,  
And there is the gate to the tomb.

The parent leans over his languishing child—  
Wipes the cold sweat of death from his brow,  
And tho' pierc'd thro' with sorrow—with agony wild,  
Strives with meek resignation to bow.

And the fond sister the brother bemoans;  
The orphans sink down in despair;  
On each side the ear is assailed by groans,  
And DISEASE hovers dark in the air.

Whilst the pulse of the husband beats faint—ah how faint!  
And the world seems to fade from his view,  
Oh, what colours the pangs of his partner can paint,  
As she sighs an ETERNAL ADIEU!

Eternal? ah, no! for again they shall meet  
In those regions of Heavenly joy,  
Where bliss shall be tasted, immortal as sweet,  
Such bliss as admits no alloy.

## MORALIST.

THIS not for thee, O man! to murmur at the will of the Almighty. When the thunders roar, the lightnings shine on the rising waves, and the black clouds sit in the brow of the lofty hill; who then protects the flying deer, swift as a sable cloud, tost by the whistling winds, leaping over the rolling floods, to gain the hoary wood: whilst the lightnings shine on the sheaf, and the wind rides over her horns? When the wolf roars; terrible as the voice of the Sea; moving majestic as the nodding forests on the brow of the Mountain; who then commands the sheep to follow the swain, as the beams of light attend upon the morning?—Know, O man! That God suffers not the least member of his work to perish, without answering the purpose of their creation. The evils of life, with some, are blessings; and the plant of death healeth the wound of the sword. Doth the sea of trouble and affliction overwhelm thy soul, look unto the Lord, thou shalt stand firm in the days of temptation, as the lofty hills in vain shall the waves beat against thee; thy rock shall stand.

### MRS. PIRSSON

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public, that her BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL is again opened for the reception of young Ladies, at No. 24 Rutgers-street.

TERMS.	Dollars.
English Grammar, Reading, Plain-works and Marking,	3 per qr.
Ditto, with fine Needle-works, Writing, Arithmetic, and Geography,	5 per qr.
Board, with the above branches,	125 per ann.
Music and Drawing on the usual Terms.	
New-York, Nov. 10, 1798.	32---1m

### PLATE POWDER.

THIS Powder which has been universally approved of for cleaning, polishing, and beautifying of Silver Plated Ware, or Britannia Metal, continue to be sold at Wm. Husband's, no. 166 in William street: also, Furniture Balls, and Green's famous Spit Ball for cleaning, polishing and beautifying of Shoes, Boots, &c. which dont soil the stocking in the least, and the leather is preserved by this Blacking alone. 303t

### GERMAN FLUTE and VIOLIN

TAUGHT BY Mr BINGLEY,

WHO takes this method to inform his scholars and friends, that he has removed to No. 115 William-street, where he continues his instructions on said instruments. Nov. 10, 1798. 32---1f

### EDUCATION.

NATHANIEL MEAD respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has again opened his School at No. 13 Nassau Street, where his usual and punctual attendance will be given. EVENING SCHOOL is also opened at the above place. Nov. 7. 32---1f

### GEORGE BUCKMASTER, BOAT BUILDER,

No. 191, Cherry-street, opposite the Hay Scales, Ship-Yards, New-York,

INFORMS his friends, that he has removed his Boat Shop from Water-street to the above situation, where he has a number of Boats completed of almost every dimension, and on terms as low as any in New-York. N.B. Sweeps and Oars of all sizes. 12---6m

### KARNS and HAZLET, WINDSOR CHAIR MAKERS,

Respectfully inform their friends and customers that they have opened a shop no. 46 Cliff-street, where they can be supplied with all kinds of Windsor Chairs, Settees, &c. of the newest fashion and best taste, warranted good. Old chairs repaired, painted, and made like new. They likewise continue at their old shop, no. 93 John-street Golden-Hill, where they will thankfully receive all orders, and execute them with punctuality and dispatch. 15 tf

### GAD ELY

WOULD inform his friends that his School is opened again, at No 91 Beekman Street. Nov. 7, 1798.

## SINGING SCHOOL.

JOSEPH KIMBALL informs his friends and the public, that he intends opening a Singing School, on the following evenings. Mondays and Fridays at the Presbyterian Charity School Room, no. 18 Nassau-street, opposite the New Dutch Church; and Tuesdays and Saturdays at the Baptist meeting house, Fayette-street, beginning on Monday next. He flatters himself that his experience in this line, will enable him to give satisfaction to those who may employ him. Nov. 17. 33---1f

## SPECIFIC LOTION.

FOR diseases of the skin, herpetic affections, and eruptions of the face, and which is so prevalent in both sexes, however malignant in their nature, or of long standing, prepared by CHARLES ANDREWS, Surgeon, late apprentice at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and house pupil under Mr. Blinck for six years. Sold by appointment at Messrs. Telford and Co's, Druggists, no. 85 Maiden Lane, and at the proprietor's medicinal store, no. 208 Water street, New-York; and also at Mr. Robert Stafford's druggist, no. 36 Market street, Philadelphia; in half pint bottles, with printed directions, price one dollar each.

This Lotion is approved of by the most eminent of the profession, and is now offered to the public as a very valuable acquisition to medicine, being a certain specific remedy for the great variety of obdurate and virulent diseases to which mankind are subject, under the common denomination of Scorbatic, &c. also in every case where the patient is afflicted with either Inflammation, Eruptions, Pimples, Blisters, Carbuncles, Black Worms, Inflammatory Ulcers, and a variety of symptoms attending an impure and diseased state of the skin. This Specific Lotion, besides being a certain cure for the above, is perfectly safe in its use, and is not injurious to the tenderest constitution, or the most delicate complexion.

Its efficacy arises from its possessing a moderate stimulating power, which excites a reaction in the stagnated vessels, relieving obstructed perspiration, and by these means eradicates the morbid and viscid matter externally, without producing any other apparent effect, than, on its first use, causing a small degree of scurf to be thrown off.

Thus simply, speedily, and effectually, does this Lotion remove every obstruction, impurity, and disease of the skin, without producing any unpleasant symptom. The manner of applying it, is to have the face, or part affected, washed clean with water, and wiped dry with a linen cloth, then, first taking care to shake the bottle, the part affected is to be moderately washed with the Lotion night and morning.

One bottle generally affords the most surprising relief; but the quantity that may be necessary to use, must depend on the violence of the complaint, or the length of time it may have been standing. 14---1f

### J. GREENWOOD, SURGEON DENTIST,

No. 3 Church-street, directly behind St Paul's Church, CONTINUES to make and fix artificial teeth, in many different ways, and at moderate prices. He has a particular way of cleaning and whitening the teeth, that does not give the least pain, and at the same time he gives the teeth a beautiful polish, with directions, if followed, which will keep them white, sound, and free from pain during life.

N. B. The very low charges from what is commonly demanded for operations on the teeth, must be satisfactory to every person who pleases to employ him.

Mr Greenwood advises parents who wish that their children should have a good set of teeth, to call on him or any other person skilled in the practice on the teeth, as he presumes they will give their advice gratis, which is his custom, and if followed, will be the means of preserving them from destruction.

Powders proper for the teeth and gums may be had at the stores of Stilwell and De Forest, no. 169 Pearl street, Cook and Co. no. 133 William street, and at the house of the operator, no. 3 Church-street, behind St Paul's church.

### A PERSON

WHO can bring the best recommendations wishes to take a Child to nurse.—For particulars enquire at Mr. Colden's, Robinson street. 33---1f---13f

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